

The Desert TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

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VOL. I.

VALERIA;

AN ITALIAN TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

"I suffered as much as he, for I loved as tenderly as I was beloved.—This love, formed in my infancy, could only terminate with my life. The outrageous reproaches which my father heaped upon me;—his menaces, and the violence of his deportment, did but increase my tenderness. I did not deserve the cruelty with which he treated me. Obstacles irritated me the more; and whilst with eyes declined, and in a melancholy silence, I heard my father in a rage swearing to sacrifice me if ever I again saw Octavius—I pronounced in a low tone, a vow to be his, and his only.

"The day succeeding this dreadful adventure, as I was with my mother, who, without endeavouring to excuse me, tried to appease my father's wrath who should enter but the father of Octavius, the Old Marquis Orsini; his air and venerable aspect inspired confidence and esteem. My father, on seeing him, ordered me to leave the room—I obeyed; but the interest I had in knowing what should pass compelled me to stay at the door and listen. I heard this conversation: 'My lord,' said the father of Octavius, 'I came here to solicit pardon and grace. My son has told me every thing. I have blamed his temerity; but excuse me, if a father's tenderness compassionates his love. My son adores your daughter, and he presumes to think that he is beloved. In opposing their mutual partiality, you will make two beings wretched—you will be so yourself; for at our age, my old friend, nature can only compensate us for all we have suffered, by making us spectators of our children's happiness. You know the family of Octavius; it is without stain, and may aspire to an union with yours. Nothing but your opulence can make this an unequal match, but keep this if you think proper. You may still hope one day to have an heir—I wish heaven might grant it you; if it does, my joy will equal your own. Give Valeria no more than Octavius will receive from me: this will be enough to make them happy. Retain the rest in your own hands for your son, if you shall happen to have one, or to give it to mine in proportion as he shall merit your esteem and tenderness.'

'I am astonished,' replied my father, with a cold and disdainful air, 'how a man, discreet as you are, could indulge such ideas. Grant that ever your son, by his supposed accomplishments, shall arrive at the highest situation in the state, you would doubtless sup-

pose it the highest honour for him to obtain the hand of my daughter. Since at present he has nothing but an idle youth to plead, a mysterious presumption, and the advantage of having offended me, do you think that I can possibly give my consent to this union?'

'I presume,' interrupted the old gentleman, 'that you are sensible and upright—that you love your daughter—that in the bosom of a father, pride cannot obliterate the sweetest and most sacred of duties. I think, moreover, that the son of your friend does you no dishonour by loving Valeria; and if in the warmth of your anger you forget that he is the son of your friend, I shall be obliged to remind you that his father at least is your equal.'

"At this expression my mother was eager to stop the conversation; she spoke in so high a tone that old Orsini could not hear my father's reply. He instantly took his leave; and from this moment the most determined hatred succeeded to thirty years of friendship.

"Judge of my sorrow: no more hope of seeing Octavius again—no opportunity of conveying to him any news of my own condition, or to hear of his. My father surrounded me with spies—forbade me to go out, even to mass.—He never spoke to me—I never saw him, but at the hours of meals, when he never turned his eyes towards me. I was in his house as a stranger, whom pains are taken to instruct that she excites no emotion. My health soon declined, and I should have sunk under it, but for the tender care, the kindness, and the pity of my mother, she never left me a moment; she supported my almost exhausted courage, giving me hopes that my father might yet one day be appeased. She ventured not to speak to me of Octavius; but all that she said, in some respect related to him, and all her consolations brought my lover to my remembrance; and without ever mentioning his name, she talked to me incessantly.

"Time rolled away without any diminution of what I suffered, when one evening I availed myself of the absence of my father, to go and afflict myself alone in the green walk, where my misfortunes commenced. I wished to sit on the same turf, where I had once been seated near Octavius. I watered it with my tears: I remembered all that he had said to me; I repented my former vows—when suddenly a man appeared, and fell prostrate before me. In terror I attempted to fly, but the voice of Octavius detained me.

'Hear me,' said he, 'I have but a moment, and it is the last—for this night I leave Florence; my father has procured for me a company of horse in the service of the emperor. War is declared against Prussia. I go to join the army—to perish or deserve you. I hope—

I am determined to distinguish myself so much in my first campaign, that the emperor shall desire to know me—which, if ever he does, I will declare to him my love. Joseph is young, and doubtless susceptible—he will pity my misfortunes; and may, perhaps, interest himself in my behalf with the Great Duke, his brother. Your father cannot resist the Grand Duke; and your hand may become the reward of my constancy and valour. I ask of you but one year, Valeria;—promise me to resist but for one year, the commands of your father; after this period, I shall either be no more, or deserve to be your husband.

"I heard him with extreme agitation: I could hardly breathe; my heart palpitated with love, hope, and terror. I vowed to be faithful to him whilst I lived, and to die a thousand times sooner than except of any other husband. We agreed to write to each other, by means of one of our domestics already gained, by Octavius and who had now given him admission. A slight noise which we heard, compelled us to separate. I tore my hand from that of Octavius; and returning precipitately to my chamber, passed the remainder of the night in tears.

"For the first six months which followed the departure of Octavius, I experienced no alteration at home. My father always treated me with the same harshness—my mother with the same affection. The domestic in the interest of my lover, regularly brought me his letters; every day they informed me of some new success. General Laudohn had conceived a great friendship for Octavius; had made him his aid-de-camp, and promised to promote him to the highest rank. But the war was long and tedious, and offered few opportunities of shewing personal valor. The great talents of Frederick and his brother Prince Henry, disconcerted the projects of the sagacious Laudohn. No battles—no surprises—the two Prussian heroes foresaw every thing—their genius predominated over accident, and commanded fortune; and probably, for the first time, personal bravery and chance were banished from war. At the end of ten months I abruptly ceased to hear from Octavius. Fearful for his life, but not of his constancy, I wrote letter after letter, counting every moment of the post. The domestic our confidant, went incessantly to inquire, and always returned to tell me, that there was nothing for me. Afflicted by this continued silence, I sent to old Orsini's to make particular inquiry whether he had heard from Octavius. The answer calmed my anxiety in one respect, but not in another: Octavius, they said, had written the preceeding evening; he has very well—was made a colonel, and was going to pass the winter at Vienna with General Laudohn.

"I was unjust enough to reproach my lover, and dared to think that he had forgotten me. I instantly ceased to write, and made some vain attempts to banish him from my heart. Alas!—I only increased my sorrow; his image every where followed me: I saw him every instant, as I had seen him on the night we parted. I might well determine and vow to banish from my mind those sweet recollections; they recurred to me perpetually, and I was ever thinking that I would think no more of Octavius.

"At this period there arrived from Germany a cousin of my father, who took up his residence at our house. He was a tall thin man, from forty-five to fifty years old, of a cold and austere character. He talked of nothing but his nobility. He had employed his whole life, and the little understanding he had, to study and to know by heart all the genealogies of Europe. He was perfectly acquainted with the year, the month, and the day of all contracts of marriages that had been made in Germany since the decline of the Roman Empire. He knew all the families, and all their branches, of the Electors, the Palatines of Poland and Hungary; and for some years, to fill up his tedious hours of leisure, he busied himself in arranging the titles of the Ottoman family, and the different branches they had produced, to the sixty-fourth generation; which did not fail, as he said, to give him a vast deal of trouble, on account of the prodigious number of sultans which had entered into that family, not always the most delicate in the subject of alliances.

"This cousin, who was named Count Herald, on the very first evening of his arrival, after having, during supper-time, asked my father a multitude of questions concerning the gentlemen of Tuscany, inquired, with an air of indifference, whether a certain Marquis Orsini lived in Florence? My father, in a sour manner, replied, 'That he knew nothing about him.'—'But I must know,' replied Herald, 'for in passing through Vienna, about three weeks since, I dined with General Laudon, on the very day of the marriage of his niece to a son of this Marquis Orsini. This young man, whom I found to be very amiable, learning that I was coming here, gave me a letter for his father, made me promise that I would see him, and give him a particular account of the marriage festival, and of the happiness which I saw that he enjoyed with his bride.' I heard this speech, more dead than alive. My father knit his brows, without making any reply. My mother looked at me, trembling all over, and the cruel Herald proceeded to relate—that the young lady had fallen in love with Orsini; that the emperor had interested himself in the marriage, and that a regiment had been the portion of the general's niece! Every thing was consistent with what he had before said. I no longer doubted the perfidy of Octavius, and certain of my misery, in spite of all my efforts to dissemble my afflictions, my strength failed me, and I fell lifeless, in the arms of my mother. They carried me away. Returning to myself, I found that I was bed, surrounded by my maids, and supported by my mother, who embraced me, with many tears.

"The horrid condition of my mind, soon brought on a burning fever. It was long and painful: my mother never left me, even my father, during the six weeks of my illness, dis-

tinguished me by much tenderness, watched over me, called me his daughter, and seemed to have restored me to his affection. His severity, indeed, had never estranged my love, and I was so sensible of the return of that of my father, that in an interval, when taking my hand, and fixing his eyes upon me, which were full of tears, he enquired how his dear Valeria found herself? I could not restrain my transport, and throwing my arms round his neck, I pressed my face to his, and, weeping at the time, said—'Yes, my father, I am your own Valeria. I am your dutiful child, and, from this moment, the only wish of my heart shall be to obey you.'

"This word determined my fortune. I had perceived that my father had always intended me for my cousin Herald. This relation had our family name, and this name was decisive with my father. To him it was an essential happiness to see his family revive, and to leave all his wealth to a descendant from his ancestors. He spoke to me on this subject, without asking—without exacting any thing; but he told me, 'he should expire with grief if I did not take pity on his weakness.' Octavius was married, Octavius was faithless! I was incensed against Octavius. To me it seemed delightful to be able to love another. I consented, and gave him my promise. How could I not give? how could I disobey my father, who did not command, he only intreated.

"The preparations for my marriage were made with a celerity of which I did not dare to complain, but which filled me with terror. My mother said nothing—the fighed, and concealed her tears. My father redoubled his tenderness to me. Herald loaded me with presents, and spared me any professions of a love to which I could not listen—The dispensation arrived from Rome, and the contract was signed. They dressed me, covered me with diamonds, and led me to the altar.

"I pronounced the formidable vow, without any extravagant emotion: almost indifferent to my situation; troubling myself but little about a fate that could not possibly be happy. which, indeed, I knew was to be supported with more or less of suffering. After mass I left the choir, surrounded by my family, held by the hand of Herald, who seemed to feel no great deal of joy, when, at the gate of the church, as I advanced to use some holy water, lifting my eyes, I saw, resting against a pillar, a young man, pale, trembling, his hair and dress in great disorder, his eyes wild and staring, who, regarding me with a fixed countenance, approached and said, in a hollow broken tone, 'I wished, Valeria, to see you consummate your enormous crime—I have seen it—I am content, and am about to die!'

"Saying thus, he vanished. I fainted, without any recollection. Indeed, from that moment I remembered nothing: relapsing into my former illness, I experienced still greater and more seeming danger. I was never free from delirium. My disease made a rapid progress; and all that I have since learned from my mother is, that after a paroxysm, which continued many hours, I sunk into an extreme weakness, and apparently expired in her arms.

(To be concluded in our next)

The Dessert.

SATURDAY, April 6, 1799.

FOR THE DESSERT.

SPECTATOR, No. 3.

In my last number I remarked, that the only principle on which the elements of elocution can properly be founded, is just reading. This remark was accompanied with some observations designed to demonstrate the position. I shall now propose methods by which the art of just reading, with its natural accompaniment, a graceful elocution, might be acquired by most individuals to whose education any attention is paid. The difficulty of eradicating early habits, is universally known and acknowledged; and upon this accredited truth I rest my first principle, viz. *No child should commence or continue instruction in this art, under the tuition of an indifferent reader.* Far be it from my design to discountenance the custom of employing women, to teach the first rudiments, and to complete instruction in reading, when their education has rendered them competent. The genius and habits of the sex are calculated to figure in this pleasing art; nor is it uncommon to hear a lady read with a grace, rarely equalled by the most accomplished gentlemen. And it is much to be regretted that they are not more generally fitted by education, and led by choice, to the employment of teaching youth, especially of their own sex.

A young person is denominated a good reader, who can run through a page of various sentiments, pronouncing every word at sight, in one unvaried pitch, with tolerable attention to pauses, closing every sentence with the same uniform cadence; and here instruction ends. At this stage of knowledge youth should begin to study the art of reading gracefully; which cannot be learnt until the judgement is sufficiently matured for understanding the simpler kinds of composition. As it has been before observed that books alone cannot teach elocution, this part of instruction particularly requires the aid of a well qualified instructor. Hence my second principle, viz. *No place of instruction where English is taught, should be destitute of a teacher who is thoroughly acquainted with just pronunciation, accent, emphasis, cadence and harmony of expression.*

The greatest part of our stock of useful ideas is generally acquired from books; it is therefore necessary that an attachment to books should be seasonably created; and nothing tends more effectually to form this attachment than the power of reading them gracefully; for neither age nor youth ever incline to display themselves, upon occasions, in which they are conscious of making but an indifferent figure; besides, a degree of refinement in taste, is necessary to be cultivated; and those who are taught to read elegantly, are disgusted with that vulgar style in which vulgar subjects are generally treated.

Thus the purity of the mind may in some measure be considered as resting on this art. These observations will I hope tend to add weight to my third principle, viz. *The directors of English schools and seminaries should stimulate improvement by appointing stated seasons for public reading, at which all the pupils who are well advanced, should read one or more pieces in presence of company, after those pieces have been repeatedly read in the hearing of the instructor, and the manner of reading them approved.*

In establishing this principle an obstacle will be thrown in the way by all those parents who think that the payment of a teacher's bills comprises the whole of their duty respecting education. Without unremitting attention, and due encouragement from parents, the progress of youth will generally be very slow. The most encouraging motive is that which is the offspring of ambition. Public exhibitions furnish that encouragement which gives wings to genius, and animation to industry. It is therefore as much the duty of parents, by their presence to inspire the ardour of youth at a public review, as it is to discharge the expence of their education. Hence arises my fourth principle, viz. *At all public examinations or exhibitions of the advancement of youth in learning, their parents and connections should attend if possible.*

The foregoing remarks equally concern both sexes. I shall now close with a few observations on a college education. In the establishment of colleges, provision is made for a professor of rhetoric, whose attention is turned to the style of composition. Should a professor of elocution, well skilled in that part of Oratory, add his labors at the university, to a course of previous instruction, like that above described, those seminaries would soon become schools of oratory, which might rival the genius of ancient Rome.

FOR THE DESSERT.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LITERATURE.

MR. EDITOR,

It is a truth which cannot be plausibly questioned, that the evils which at this hour overwhelm Europe, may be traced to the *abuse of literature*, as their source. A host of writers, possessing learning, wit and impious ingenuity, have been polluting the fountains of information there, for more than half a century. Their poison has been gradually instilled into the youth, and most artfully and assiduously conveyed to the minds of every description of the people, till they have become ripe for the miseries which they are now suffering. France has been the central point of this moral pestilence, from which it has extended, in a greater or less degree, into all the adjacent countries; and all religious and moral principles, and all social order and happiness, have expired before it.

It is of the last importance that the people of this country be effectually guarded against this deadly evil. If, by means of the press, and the recommendations and attractions which learning and wit can give to any subject, the principles of scepticism infidelity and irreligion,

obtain a general currency throughout the United States, the nation is inevitably ruined: For when the mass of the people are under the practical influence of such principles, it is wholly impossible that social and individual happiness should not be exterminated.

If, on the contrary, learning and genius shall range themselves on the side of religion and sound morals; if men of talents shall emulate each other in becoming their advocates; if our seminaries of learning and our literary productions shall conspire to form the public taste to love those principles, and of consequence to yield to the influence of real virtue and piety, we shall, beyond all peradventure, be a prosperous and happy people. We shall not need, and we shall not endure, any other than a free government. Liberty will be preserved in its purity, and our children, to remote generations, will rise up and call us blessed.

At present, there appears to be in our country a conflict between the opposite sets of principles that have been mentioned. The old habits of reverence for religion, and for pure Christian morality, which we derived from our venerable ancestors, still retain a degree of strength, and have, in fact, preserved us hitherto from general confusion, convulsion and anarchy. But it is also true, that the principles of modern philosophy or illumination, have obtained a considerable prevalence—have, in many places, tainted very deeply the minds of the people, and have threatened the community with a train of the most fearful mischiefs. As this new fangled system of abomination, seems to be losing ground at present in Europe—losing ground, on account of the incalculable and intolerable miseries, which it has been found to produce—it is hoped that the United States, will escape the danger of becoming the victim. Still, however, it is necessary that every possible exertion should be made to oppose it. Men of talents should feel themselves solemnly called on, to come forward in the cause of truth and virtue, and to make learning and taste, wit and eloquence, the allies, and not the enemies, of piety—to give force and fashion to good principles, in opposition to the bad. Possessing these sentiments, I have, with the sincerest pleasure, lately perused a volume of sermons, written by Dr. Smith, the president of New-Jersey college. The author of this work has certainly done an important service, not only to the church, but also to the state. He has here furnished a number of discourses possessing so many attractions of manner, so many original thoughts, so many fine strains of eloquence, that it bids fair to be read by every person of taste in the country. The sentiments, also, which fill these discourses are of the purest, the most salutary, and the most seasonable kind. What Johnson said of a work which he had occasion to mention, may with truth be said of this—"It is a book which the critic should read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety."

But there are many, after all, who will never read any thing that bears the title of a sermon—at least they will not do this till they are in a measure recovered from their moral pravity, by writings of another description. For their sake, and for the sake of a very large class

of readers, who demand entertainment and amusement, with all the instruction they will consent to receive, it were to be wished, that a course of short essays, resembling the periodical publications, which have so frequently appeared in Britain, and seasoned with a portion of the fancy, which they exhibit, were published weekly and circulated throughout the Union. In addition to these, another series of papers, adapted to readers of a different class (an excellent specimen, of which may be seen, in the "Cheap Repository") should likewise be sent abroad.

That we have talents in this country adapted to such undertakings, and which might render the execution of them popular, cannot reasonably be doubted. To bring these talents into action is the difficulty. This will require self-denial and benevolence, concert, combination and industry. But can any man of letters and of virtue, think of the assiduity and perseverance, which were manifest by the propagators of irreligion and atheism, in Germany and France, and answer it to his conscience or his country, to be less active and zealous in doing good than they were in doing evil? And much less activity and zeal, than those ministers of iniquity did really exhibit, would render completely effective the designs at which I have just hinted.

PHILOCTETES.

LOVE.

A FRAGMENT.

HAIL! creation's source! who, ere this little ball was hung in air, or suns their golden beams shot forth, resided with the ALMIGHTY; oh! may thy animating warmth pervade my bosom, and kindle raptures which the blest above may envy. In thee the swain who toils in summer's fervid noon, or sits secure within his humble cot while rigid winter spreads his icy horrors o'er the world, finds a resource to mitigate his cares, and cheer the glooms of solitude and retirement. Welcome, thou offspring of heaven, to my bleeding bosom! The imperious billows of misfortune I have long encountered: with the proud man's insolence, and the pangs of despised poverty, have long, very long been familiar. Oh-man! thou hadst driven me to despair, this arm would have guided the dire poignard to my heart, and exultingly would I have bid farewell to the earth which nurtures such unfeeling monsters—but ELIZA's love forbade. Friendless, unpitied and unknown, outstretched upon my bed of straw I lay struggling with sickness and with want; and this frame, once decorated in all the trappings of affluence, almost naked was exposed to the chilling blasts of winter. Sweet angel! In despair and misery she found me—she restored me to life—she blest me with her love, and bade joy, that fugitive, once more to wander in my bosom. O God! when the great day of retribution shall arrive, when an assembled world shall prostrate itself before thy throne—remember ELIZA!—

A. L.



THE ADIEU

CEASE, cease those sighs! I cannot hear,
Hark, hark! the drums are calling;
Oh! I must chide that coward tear,
Yet kiss it, as 'tis falling.

Eliza! bid thy soldier go,
Why thus my heart-strings sever?
Ah! be not thou my honour's foe,
Or I am lost for ever.

Trust, trust that being kind above!
With mind serene and steady,
He'll never bruise, believe me, love,
The heart that breaks already.

He thro' thy inmost soul can peer,
And all its springs discover
He'd teach thy weakness how to bear,
Or give thee back thy lover.

Is He—the mighty Lord of all,
Unable to protect thee?
Will He, who marks the sparrow fall,
O'er look thee, or neglect thee?

Serene yon dreadful field I see,
Whatever fate betide me,
Thy innocence shall shelter thee,
And I've no wish beside thee.

ODE TO A CRICKET.

LITTLE guest, with blythesome note,
That warblest by my taper's light,
Come and tune thy merry throat,
Welcome visitant of night.

Here enjoy a calm retreat,
In my chimney safely dwell,
No rude hand thy haunt shall beat,
Or chase thee from thy lonely cell.

Come recount me all thy woes,
While around us sighs the gale;
Or, rejoic'd to find repose,
Charm me with thy merry tale.

Say what passion moves thy breast:
Does some flame employ thy care?
Perhaps with love thou art oppress'd,
A mournful victim to despair.

Shelter'd from the wintry wind,
Live and sing, and banish care;
Here asylum thou shalt find,
Sympathy has brought thee here.

J. D.

ADDRESS TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

SWEET BIRD, whose imitative strain,
Of all thy tribe can personate the note,
And with a burthen'd heart complain,
Or to the song of joy attune thy throat,
To thee I touch the string;
While at my casement, from the neighb'ring
tree,
Thou hail'st the coming Spring,
And plaintive pour thy voice, or mock with
merry glee.

Thou bringest to my mind,
The characters we find
Amid the motley scenes of human life;
How very few appear,
The garb of truth to wear!
But with a borrow'd voice, *conceal a heart of*
strife.

Sure then, with wisdom fraught,
Thou art by nature taught,
Dissembl'd joy in others to deride;
And when the mournful heart,
Assumes a sprightly part,
To note the cheat, and with thy mocking chide.
But when with a doleful song,
Thou sing'st the woods among,
And foster feelings in the breast awake;
Sure then thy rolling note,
Does sympathy denote,
And shews thou can'st of other's grief partake.

Pour out thy lengthen'd strain,
With woe and grief complain,
And blend thy ferrows in the mournful lay;
Thy moving tale reveal,
Let my breast pity feel,
I love in silent woe to pass the day.

J. D.

THE BLUE BIRD.

HAIL early bird; sweet gentle songster Hail;
One of the foremost of the feathery throng.
To waft thy soft notes on the trembling gale,
And lead the joy—inspiring spring along.
Soon as Aurora gilds the smiling east,
And blushing mounts the gold bespangled sky,
Thy matin lay inspires the pensive breast,
And warns the wain that vernal charms are nigh.
Hail early bird! thy much lov'd stay prolong
And banish wintry terrors by thy sprightly song.

ON VIRTUE.

UPON my mind this truth shall be impress'd,
That *Virtue only*, can be truly bless'd;
For power may glare in all the pomp of state,
But *Virtue only*, can be truly great:
Tho' vanity may bask in flattery's rays—
'Tis *Virtue only*, meets with honest praise:
Virtue we see thus reigns with power supreme,
'Tis *Virtue only* that esteem can claim.

THE MEDLEY.

MILTON sold the copy-right of *Paradise lost* for fifteen pounds, and finished his life in obscurity. Dryden lived in poverty and died in distress. Otway, though his end be variously related, yet all his biographers agree in this, that he died prematurely and in want.—Lee is said to have died in the street. Steele lived a life of perpetual warfare with bailiffs and catchpoles.—Johnson is said to have sold "The Vicar of Wakefield" to relieve its great author, Goldsmith, from the gripe of the law.—Fielding lies buried in the factory's burying-ground at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot.—Savage died in prison for a debt of eight pounds; and Chatterton—poor neglected Chatterton!—ended his life by his own hand! and the great Biographer of the English Poets has recorded of the inimitable author of *Hudibras* that, all that can be said of him (Butler) with certainty, is, that he lived neglected, and died poor.

That man, who is blest with common sense, an even cheerful temper, and equability of disposition, needs not envy the elevation of genius, or the superiority of learning and science, when he sees the one contemned, or neglected, and the other toiling without reward.

He who arrives at superior excellence in any of the fine arts, has perhaps more reason to lament his elevation, than to glory in his eminence. The breeze of public applause may be grateful, but the polar blast of Envy is insupportable.

The great Bassa of Aleppo, who was an emir or hereditary prince, the year before my coming thither had revolted from his emperor, and fighting the Bassas of Damascus and Carahemen, overcame them. The year following, and in my being there, the Grand Signior sent from Constantinople a Chiaus and two Janizaries in embassy to him. When they came to Aleppo, the Bassa was in his own country of Mesopotamia: the messenger made haste after him, but in their journey they met with him coming to Aleppo, accompanied with his two sons and five hundred horsemen. Upon the highway they delivered their message, where he stood still and heard them. The proffer of Sultan Achmet was, that if he would acknowledge his rebellion, and for that treason committed send him his head, his eldest son should both inherit his possessions and the Bassaship of Aleppo, that otherwise he would come with great forces in all expedition, and in his own person would extirpate him and all his from the face of the earth. At the hearing of which the Bassa, knowing he was not able to resist the invincible army of his master in his own person, dismounted from his horse, and went to counsel with his sons, and nearest friend: where he and they concluded it was best for him to die, being an old man, to save his race undestroyed, and to preserve his son in his authority and inheritance. This done, the Bassa went to prayer, and taking his leave of them all, kneeled down on his knees, where the Chiaus struck off his head, putting it into a box to carry with him to Aleppo. The dead corpse was carried to Aleppo, and honourably buried; for I was an eye witness to that funeral feast.